

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE GOD IN THE HURDY-GURDY.

BY CASPAR JOHNSON.

It was a narrow alley, running between the back yards. It was intended for the convenience of the butcher's boy and the grocer's boy and the ash men. Distinctly it was not intended for men of Pasquale Venetti's stamp. Indeed, a sign on either end announced this in no uncertain terms.

"Buckeye, peddlers and street musicians were out," it read.

But to Pasquale Venetti, warning signs in English had no terrors, from the simple fact that written English was beyond his ken. Therefore, as he came around the corner, he saw the back of a man in a blue coat, and, forsaking the asphalt pavement (where, to his own extreme discomfort, he could "no getta do biz"), he turned into the alley, and, unluckily, his musical battery, sent up the quivering strains of "Lindy, Lindy, Yo Is Ma Lady Love."

It is a hard, cold world. Pasquale appeared at any of the windows and smiled expansively, removed his hat and bowed profoundly, and then, as he turned the crank, he saw that while he turned the crank, but, despite all these blandishments, to say

time, she was saying "I have forgiven and forgiven—temporarily forgiven—and now I am tired."

"Perhaps you are right," he said in a strained voice.

"And the sooner it is over the better," said the girl, chucking.

The man started up. Whatever remembrance he was about to make he stifled.

"Very well," he said, curtly.

The girl pulled a ring from her finger and laid it on the table beside the man. He took it without a word and put it in his pocket.

"I might say," he began slowly, "All you could say would make no difference," she said, smiling.

The man rose and strode to the window. Pasquale was grinding away noisily. At the sight of the man in the window he smiled and bowed and shuffled his feet. The man smiled bitterly.

"Lucky, happy devil!" he muttered.

He turned to the girl and drew himself up stiffly.

"I may as well say good-by," said he.

She made no reply.

"Good-by," he said again.

"Good-by," she said evenly.

The man hesitated a moment, then he strode to the door. In the alley, Pasquale had come to the last place in his repertoire. It was a poor imitation of Scherzer's "Serenade." Just as the man reached the door the jingling notes floated in from the alley. The man

paused. A look of pain came into his face.

These jerky notes brought memories with them—memories of a big, dark music room, with two "little spots of red in the gloom where the candles burned on the piano of a girl beneath the candle—a girl with white neck and gleaming shoulders, playing the serenade very softly, of a few breathless words whispered over her shoulder, of a pair of luminous eyes which flashed an answer that set his heart pounding madly.

And now a hurdy-gurdy playing that same serenade in the alley—and this. It was belated agony.

"Lord, I can't stand that," he muttered, and turning to the girl a face drawn and white.

"Good-by," he said, as if the words choked him.

But the girl's face had whitened also. She took a step forward.

"Robert," she said with wide, frightened eyes.

In the alley Pasquale ground away hopelessly. Suddenly a window was raised and a coin dropped at his feet. It was a shining yellow coin. Pasquale Venetti gasped, turning it over in his palm, and then, when he saw it was a gold piece, he began the repertoire all over again, and such was his elation that he essayed to belch the effect by singing in a high, squeaky voice.

The girl was soon over, however, for a policeman came down the alley and seized the exuberant musician. The thought of the yellow coin in his pocket enabled Pasquale to bear this ordeal with equanimity.

"Alla right, alla right!" he protested, mildly, as he was hustled past the warning signs and dumped unceremoniously on the asphalt pavement.

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Suddenly at his feet was a yellow coin.

nothing of the appeal made by a choice assortment of selections, ranging from the classic to rag-time, no coins were in white paper came jingling to his feet. To be sure, the fat cook came out to the back gate and, after he had played half through the hurdy-gurdy's assortment, gave him a penny. An old gentleman had run into an open window, and with a thundered "Get out of this!" had thrust him a dime. But it came from such a promising ally, Pasquale called on the saints to witness his ill-treatment, and moved further up the alley.

No better success attended him there. He whistled, he danced, he sang. He bowed his head and bowed his lowest. He tried the intermezzi and "Ma Tullio Mar" with an equal lack of success. He had his labor for his pains.

He moved to the far end of the alley, with a view to making a dash for it. But, however, before the back of his imposing house. With a sinking heart he sent up the jerky bars of a march from a popular light opera. The house, like all the others, was unresponsive. He played through his repertoire, anyway. He failed he would go back to the asphalt pavement and try his luck somewhere down town, before a restaurant or a gambling salon.

It happened that in the big, dim parlour of the imposing house sat two old people, and a single glance showed that they were not very happy.

The man sat very stiff and straight in his chair and sat his lips. The girl was seated on a low divan. Her face was faded and her eyes glowed angrily.

"It is far too much to forgive this

SOCIETY

Naturally the opening of the season of grand opera was the event of the hour in fashionable circles, and the audience was a most brilliant one, the boxes and lower floor being filled with men and women in full dress, creating a picture not often seen at a local play house. Many suppers followed the opera, and these will be a feature during the rest of the week.

Especially for the opera engagement the University club has arranged a buffet supper to be ready for members and their friends each night after the close of the theater. Many were present last evening, and for an hour or longer the club rooms presented a picture of brightly gowned femininity. The innovation proved decidedly popular, and for the balance of the week the suppers will no doubt prove almost as attractive as the opera itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Ferry and a party of friends enjoyed the buffet supper at the University club last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Jones left on the limited Sunday for a few weeks in Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew H. Walker have returned from a pleasant trip through the more interesting parts of California.

Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Woodruff and family have cottage at Long Beach at the end of the new road, and will remain there until late in the summer, when they will move to their artistic mountain home above Silver Lake, and in September will reopen their Salt Lake residence.

Mrs. John C. Cutler, Jr., and her sister, Mrs. Lambourn, will give a reception tomorrow afternoon.

James H. Brown is enjoying a vacation visiting the various great camps of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sherman are in Goldfield.

Miss June Hintz entertains this afternoon in honor of Miss Nellie Cullen.

Miss Berkhoel returns today.

Harold Siegel is in from Nevada.

The charity card party will be held this afternoon in the B. B. lodge rooms.

Mrs. Milton L. Allen will pass the summer on the beach near Los Angeles.

W. P. Noble has returned to the city.

Mr. C. O. Whitmore and Mrs. William Gilling will entertain the 500 club at the latter's residence, 41 North State street, on Friday afternoon.

Several social parties were enjoyed at the different public cafes last night.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick and daughters left for Butte Sunday night.

S. Molineux Worthington has changed the date of his recital in the Theater from April 26 to May 2.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Channing entertained at supper on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard W. Reed have returned to the city after a delightful winter passed in Florida and at various popular resorts along the Atlantic coast. They are occupying their home on East South Temple street.

Mrs. Hugh Park and her mother, Mrs. Farris, left on the limited yesterday for Boston.

IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

Episcopal Missionary Conference to Be Held Here in May.

A church convention of much importance is to be held in Salt Lake City early in May. It is the annual missionary conference for the seventh missionary department of the Episcopal church. Until a few years ago these conventions were held every three years, and delegates were sent from all parts of the United States to one convention. Three years ago, however, the country was divided into seven districts or departments, and the third annual meeting of the seventh department will be held here this year, beginning May 4 and concluding May 12.

Among the dioceses and missionary districts to be represented at the convention, with the names of the presiding bishops, are:

California. Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, D.D.; Los Angeles. Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D.D.; Sacramento. Rt. Rev. William Hall Moreland, D.D.; Oregon. Rt. Rev. Benjamin Westar Morris, D.D.; Olympia. Rt. Rev. Frederick W. Keator, D.D.; Spokane. Rt. Rev. Lemuel H. Wells, D.D.; Boise. Rt. Rev. James B. Funtsten, D.D.; Salt Lake. Rt. Rev. Franklin S. Spaulding, D.D.; New Mexico. Rt. Rev. John Mills Kendrick, D.D.; Arizona. Rt. Rev. John Mills Kendrick, D.D.; Alaska. Rt. Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe, D.D.; Honolulu. Rt. Rev. Henry Bond Restarick, D.D.

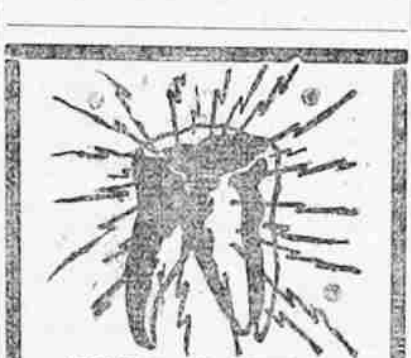
Muskegon Mich. Mrs. Park will remain away about a month.

At the annual meeting of the Reviewers' club held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. A. Vincent, Mrs. David Evans was elected president, Mrs. E. A. Wedgewood, vice-president, Mrs. Charles D. Moore recording secretary, and Miss Snow, treasurer.

Mrs. L. D. Martin entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of her birthday. Thirty guests were present, who enjoyed the amusing game of "selecting popular songs." The first prize was won by Mrs. H. A. Smith, and the consolation by Mrs. George H. Brown. After the game refreshments were served and singing and music completed the evening's entertainment.

TEA

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The Boston Dental Parlor is really the only dental parlors of any magnitude in Salt Lake City that have ever made a success.

That we have made a success is due to the efficiency of our work, our careful, painstaking manner, and our patient processes. During the time we have been in business we have opened successfully on over 10,000 patients. Every patient that leaves our parlors is a satisfied customer and a life-long friend. These patients are their friends, and they eventually become our customers.

Patients' prices: Fillings, \$1.00 to \$2.00; Gold fillings, \$2.00 to \$3.00; Bridges, \$3.00 to \$5.00; Partial dentures, \$5.00 to \$10.00; Full set of teeth, \$10.00 to \$15.00.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Tailor Made Cloth Suits, fancy mixtures, English serge, Panamas, broadcloth, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$50.
Covert Jackets and Silk Coats—\$7.50, \$12, \$15, \$20, \$30.
Fancy Silk Costumes—\$30, \$40, \$60, \$80, \$100.
SMART SILK FROCKS—Chiffon, Taffetas, Shot Silks, Fancy Silk and Parisian Silks, \$15, \$20, \$30 and \$50.
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Silk Suits—\$20, \$30, \$40, \$45, \$65.

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CORRECT DRESS FOR WOMEN.
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Shown here this week should be viewed by every lady in Salt Lake. All the new novelties, fabrics and weaves that are to be in vogue during the Spring and Summer of 1905 can now be found on our counters in the handsomest patterns conceivable, and the selling of these new materials at such pronounced savings will unquestionably appeal to all wise silk buyers.

PEAU DE CYGNE—20 inches wide, beautiful, soft quality, satin finish, suitable for an entire dress, shirt waist suit or waist, in all leading dark and light colors, regular price \$5c. Today, selling per yard, 50c.

SATIN FOULARDS—20 inches wide Satin Foulard, elegant finish, in polka dot and dash patterns, and in colors, green, blues and browns, usually sold at 50c. Today, selling price, per yard, 50c.

CHANGEABLE TAFFETA SILKS—19 inches wide, with a beautiful sheen, in colors, blue and green, blue and black, pink and blue, brown and black and others, suitable for waists and shirt waist suits, regular one dollar values, today, selling price, per yard, 79c.

LOUISINE SILKS—20 inches wide, a light weight soft silk fabric, a popular silk at a popular price, suitable for waists and entire dresses, in all leading street colors and evening shades, and will launder beautifully. Regular price 85c. Today, selling price, per yard, 65c.

WHITE SILK FOR WAISTS AND DRESSES—An almost unlimited assortment of white silk for waists and entire dresses, comprising Jap Silks, Louisines, Peau de Cygne, Crepe de Chine, Taffetas, Rajahs, Burmahs and others, in prices from—

30c to \$2.00

As announced in our Sunday's ad, BUTTERICK PATTERNS, the patterns with a reputation, the best patterns in the world, have been REDUCED IN PRICE AND ARE SELLING NOW AT—
10c, 15c and 20c.

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We have just collected a claim for G. D. Golden & Son of Rocky Bar, Ida., wherein we traced the debtor from Idaho to New York State, all through the Eastern States, and caught him at Denver. But we had to sue the debtor and the railroad company he worked for before we got the money. But we got it—and that claim was eleven years old. Many people would have given this claim up as a "dead one"—but you can always depend on Luke. Some people don't like him, because he makes 'em pay.



THE Merchants' Protective Association

Scientific Collections of Bad Debts. General offices, top floor Commercial National Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City.
FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager. Some People Don't Like Us.

Salt Lake Brewing Company

A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet—but no Beer of any other name would taste so good as the Salt Lake City Brewing Company's—

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